

The Weekly Roundabout.

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"Turn on the music."

Lent began last Wednesday.

Rev. J. T. Langdon will preach in the penitentiary to-morrow.

The Council Chamber is to be carpeted, painted, and furnished in a manner creditable to the city.

The Good Templars hold a regular meeting next Thursday night. A full attendance is desired.

Elder J. D. Pickett will preach at Buck Run Church, on the Georgetown 'pike, to-morrow morning, at 11 o'clock.

The Yeoman was a little off yesterday morning in saying, "The river is rising slowly." It was rising at the rate of about eighteen inches an hour.

The hop last night was, as usual, a very enjoyable one. The attendance was good, considering the state of the weather, and everything passed off quietly and pleasantly.

Mr. Frank C. Hughes, one of the most popular business men in this city, is to be married next Thursday, 19th inst., to Miss Carrie D. Lindsey, a charming young lady of Mt. Sterling.

A female convict, employed as a servant at the residence of Col. South, stole a fine silk dress, a cloak, and \$190 in money from the ladies of the family, last Tuesday night, and left for parts unknown.

Whitesides & McEwan have a lot of pictures on hand, framed for different persons, which, if not called for by the first of March, 1880, will be sold to anyone desiring them, to pay for the framing of them.

Miss Marie T. Stanton, daughter of Judge R. H. Stanton, Maysville, and Mr. Lewis W. Pierce, of Cincinnati, were united in marriage at the Church of the Nativity, Maysville, on Tuesday, 10th inst. The bride has a host of friends in this city who wish the happy couple a long life of matrimonial bliss.

A gentleman inquiring the way to the South Frankfort Baptist Church, was told to go across the wooden bridge, turn to the left and go one square, then turn to the right and go straight out that street till he came to a little plank walk, which would lead him right to the church. It would have been much easier to say it's at No. 425 Steele street, South Frankfort.

The residence of Mr. L. Abbott, in the Bridgeport neighborhood, with all its contents, was consumed by fire about eleven o'clock Tuesday morning. He was filling a coal oil lamp near the fire place, when some of the oil caught fire, and he threw the lamp down on the floor. An explosion followed, and the house was soon wrapped in flames. There was insurance on neither house nor furniture. We were not able to ascertain the amount of the loss.

Don't forget the temperance meeting at the court-house to-night.

The juicy weather of the past week has caused a decided boom in the river. The classical drift-pile is receiving replenishment.

Dr. Hall has received a large quantity of Landreth's and Buist's garden seeds, and also a fine assortment of flower seeds from Vick, the world-renowned florist, of New York. He has sixty-eight bushels of beans and peas in bulk.

A few days ago a couple of young gentlemen from the Alton neighborhood came to town and one of them (we will call him Mr. C.) being acquainted with Miss—well, we'll call her Miss Jones—offered to take his companion—we'll call him Mr. P—with him to call on her. They asked a little boy on the South Side where Miss Jones lived, and the little fellow, misunderstanding the name, directed them to the house of a young lady whom we will call Miss Brown. The gallants went as directed, and arriving at the house, rang the door bell and asked if the young lady was in. On being answered in the affirmative, they walked into the parlor and expressed a desire to see her. Miss Brown came in, when the following dialogue ensued:

Miss Brown—"Good evening, gentlemen. Did you want to see me?"

Mr. C.—confusedly—"Good evening. I guess it's your sister that we're acquainted with."

Miss B.—"I'll send my sister in."

In a short time Miss Brown's younger sister came into the parlor, wondering who the young gentlemen were.

Younger sister—"Good evening, gentlemen." Failing to recognize them, she said, "Did you want to see me?"

The young gentlemen were much confused, and tried to explain that there must be some mistake. The younger sister retired and informed Miss Brown that she didn't know who the gentlemen were, and had never seen them before. Miss Brown went into the parlor and indignantly and sternly asked:

"Young men, who are you; and what do you want here?"

They began to realize that they were in the wrong box, and tried to explain matters, but Mr. C., who was spokesman, was so confused that it was some time before he could think to tell her the name of the young lady he wanted to see, and his own name. It was an accident that he told her at all, for it never occurred to him that it was necessary. Miss Brown took in the situation and explained that Miss Jones was a near neighbor, and that the boy who directed them to the house had probably mistaken Miss Jones' name for hers, the names being very similar in sound. The young gents soon recovered their self-possession, and spent an hour quite pleasantly with their new acquaintance.

A pleasant little impromptu hop came off at Capital Hotel Wednesday night, given by the young men of Frankfort, in honor to Misses Myra Bondurant and Lizzie Jacob, of Louisville.

The burning out of a chimney caused the first alarm of fire Tuesday night. The second alarm was caused by the roof of the kitchen of the small brick dwelling, on Ann street, adjoining the residence of Gen. Nuckols, being discovered on fire. The flames were extinguished with a few buckets of water, before much damage was done. The fire department was out on time in both instances.

The meeting of the Belle Point Lyceum at the residence of Col. Jno. N. Crutcher, on Tuesday night, was a most enjoyable affair. The attendance was large, the programme was entertaining, and everything moved along delightfully smooth. The feature of the evening was a characteristic criticism in verse, by the genial host. It elicited round after round of applause. The Colonel's exceeding modesty is the cause of its non-appearance in this paper.

At a meeting of the Endowment Rank, K. of P., held Monday evening, the following officers were elected:

E. H. Taylor, President.
Gus Shaefer, Vice President.
T. B. Ford, Chaplain.
O. S. Walcott, Sec. and Tr.
V. Kaltenbrun, Guide.
L. Walaschek, Guard.
E. L. Pardee, Sentinel.

This Order pays from \$1,000 to \$3,000 on the death of a member, and is reported to be in a prosperous condition.

The Franklin County Christian Sunday-School Convention will meet at the Christian Church in this city next Friday, 20th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m. The Church at Frankfort extends its hearty invitation and cordial hospitalities to all the workers in the county to be present. Let every School and Church send not less than five delegates. The following is the

Programme:

FRIDAY—2, P. M.

1. Devotional Exercises.
2. Enrollment of Delegates.
3. Reports of Schools—Written and Oral.
4. Short Speeches on the Status and Needs of our Work.
5. Miscellaneous Business.
6. Adjournment at 4 o'clock.

FRIDAY NIGHT—7½ O'CLOCK.

1. Opening Exercises.
2. Address—"What We Expect to Do"—George Darsie.
3. Address—"Mission Work in the County"—W. T. B. South.
4. Miscellaneous Business.
5. Adjournment at 9 o'clock.

SATURDAY—10, A. M.

1. Devotional Exercises.
2. Class Exercise—Conducted by J. H. Shinn.
3. Essay—"The Growth of Sunday School Work"—Miss Mattie Williams.
4. Select Reading—Miss Nannie Dawson.
5. Adjournment at 12 o'clock.

SATURDAY—2, P. M.

1. Song Service.
2. Address—"How to Teach"—Prof. Pickett.
3. Address—"The Future of the Church"—K. P. South.
4. Unfinished Business.
5. Adjournment at 4 o'clock.

Allie Hodges has received the appointment of United States Store keeper, and will enter on the discharge of his duties in Louisville the first of next month.

"The Last Will and Testament of Jesus Christ" is the subject of Mr. Darsie's discourse at the Christian Church to-morrow night. The usual morning service. A cordial invitation to all.

A Big River.

The river commenced rising Thursday afternoon, slowly at first, but very rapidly as the night advanced, and by noon yesterday it had come up seventeen feet, still rising at the rate of nearly a foot an hour. Great crowds of people thronged the bridges all day, watching the rapidly rising waters in their mad rushings towards the sea.

Before the light of day dawned on the city this morning, many poor families in the lower part of North Frankfort began to move their effects to other quarters. By daylight every wagon, cart, and boat that could be had was engaged in the work of moving the women and children and household goods to points above high water mark.

The business part of the city seemed almost deserted this morning—nearly everybody being at the river. Huge piles of drift, old flat boats, skiffs, parts of houses, sawed lumber, and the like go rushing down with the tide, and still the work of destruction goes on. Many houses in "Craw" are almost submerged—only the roofs being visible.

The river is crawling to the highest point reached within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—it only lacking about three feet of being as high as it was in 1867. The pier at the wooden bridge indicates a depth of thirty-four feet in the channel—a rise of twenty-six feet since Thursday evening.

Second street, South Frankfort, between Dudley Institute and the City School, is several feet under water. Mr. Henry Williams has been obliged to move his family up stairs—the first floor of his residence being under water. Clinton street, North Side, from the river to the State House yard, is submerged, as is also Mero, from the river to St. Clair; Washington, from near Market to the Fort Hill; Wilkinson, from Market street to a point near the Fort Hill.

The saw-mill men are all on the alert, and thus far have met with only slight losses. The work of moving still goes on. Men are wading in water from two to three feet deep, working to save their little all.

Benson bridge is some two or three feet under water, and our Belle Point neighbors are thus cut off from communication with Frankfort except by boats. Judge Pence has furnished a rich harvest of stove-wood to the people below his mill. The whole town seems to have turned out to see the raging waters—the streets being almost empty and the river bridges and banks being lined with people.